

73 THE

Engl. Hunt vol 56
DEATH

OF

DIDDO:

A

MASQUE.

Written by B. BOOTH.

Compos'd to Musick, after the *Italian*
Manner, by Dr. PEPUSCH.

LONDON,

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The PERSONS.

Mercury,

Mr. Turner.

Cupid,

Mrs. Boman.

Æneas,

Mrs. Barbier.

Dido,

Mrs. Marga. Le Pin

THE
DEATH
OF
DIDO.

[Dido is discover'd sleeping. Cupid descends.]

CUPID.

IN vain the God of Sleep bestows
Rest on Fair *Elisa's* Eyes ;
She for the *Dardan* Hero fights,
And Now with fancy'd Raptures glows

The DEATH of DIDO:

Venus her Command has giv'n;

Cupid Venus must obey,

Venus, who extends her Sway

To Seas and Air, to Earth and Heaven!

Soft Desires,

Glowing Fires,

In her heaving Bosom move!

Still surrounding,

Ever wounding,

Fix the Fair a Slave to Love!

[Cupid withdraws.]

[Dido wakes, and comes forward.]

Dido. Delightful Vision! Pleasing Dream!

False Elysium! Fading Pleasure!

A M A S Q U E.

Flatter still, and lasting seem,

That my Joys may know no Measure!

I dreamt the *Tyrian* Crown *Aeneas* wore,

Forbid'n by *Jove* to seek the *Latian* Shore.

Juno the Marriage did approve;

The Hero vow'd eternal Love.

Gentle *Morpheus*, still relieve me,

With repeated Dreams deceive me,

Such as Love-sick Minds delight!

Let my Fancy still discover

Truth and Passion in my Lover,

Each returning Hour of Night:

[*Trumpets at a Distance.*

He comes! the Conq'rour comes! I feel his Pow'r!

Resistance is in vain!

6 *The DEATH of DIDO.*

Our Sexes Guard ! Pride is no more !

Nor I my Freedom lost deplore,

But find a secret Pleasure in my Pain !

Love approaching, Sorrow flying.

Oh ! the Joys his Eyes impart !

Raptures ev'ry Vein supplying !

Quick rebounds my beating Heart.

[*Æneas attended.*]

Æneas. Hail, gracious Princess ! who employ

Your Care to save the poor Remains of Troy !

Fame, your Glories never-dying,

Shall to distant Shores convey,

Ever sounding, ever flying,

Where the Fates direct my Way.

A M A S Q U E.

The Beauties of your Mind proclaiming,

With the Charms that grace your Eyes,

Incense on your Altars flaming,

When your Shade ascends the Skies,

Dido. Cease, Royal Guest, your Flatt'ry cease,

And follow to the Field;

Sweet is the Pleasure of the Chase,

When Western Winds refreshing Odors yield

Dido. All the Joys of Pow'r shall charm thee,

Still to grace our Lybian Shore:

Or some softer Pleasure warm thee;

Trust the faithless Seas no more.

The DEATH of DIDO.

Æneas. Were only Joys of Pow'r to charm me,

I'd forsake your Libyan Shore ;

Softer Pleasures gently warm me !

Faithless Seas I'll trust no more !

[Exeunt.]

[Cupid appears.]

Cupid. 'Tis done ! The Hero burns with equal Fire !

And lo ! the Heav'ns with Love conspire !

Thick, gathering Clouds obscure the Sky !

Thunder shall roar, and Lightning fly !

A Grot shall in its Bosom hide

The Queen and Prince, *Venus* their Guide !

Nor shall the Storm be overblown,

Till the soft Goddess Rites be done.

A M A S Q U E.

I

*The Lover for the Favour presses ;
With her Words the Fair denies ;
Nor returns his darting Kisses,
But invites him with her Eyes.
Feigning Fears, and Rage dissembling,
Seems to loath the dear Delight ;
Yet, tho' sighing, dying, trembling,
Surely conquers in the Fight.*

[Exit.

The End of the First Entertainment.



Second

Second Entertainment:

SCENE a Grove.

ÆNEAS Solus.

Æneas.

Blest be the Pow'rs that ruin'd Troy

And blest the Tempest which our
Navy tostFar from *Latium's* dang'rous Coast

And drove me on this Realm of Joy !

Here, where the Shades the Light controul,

I wait the Charmer of my Soul !

*Charmer of my Soul, away ;**You too long my Joys delay,**Charmer of my Soul away !*

A MASQUE.

Love his Quiver empties on me,

Thick his Darts around me fly!

Cruel Boy! thou hast undone me,

With excess of Love I dye!

[Symphony of Musick at a Distance.]

What Heavenly Sounds invade my Ears!

Lo! in the distant Skies

A Radiant Form appears!

Gods! 'tis the Messenger of Jove!

Hither with swift Descent he flies!

Terror flashes from his Eyes!

Venus! support thy Son! and guard his Love!

[Mercury descends.]

Mer. Degen'rate Prince! why are thou here

Forgetful of thy promis'd Fate?

The DEATH of DIDO:

All-powerful *Jove*, with Doom severe,

Ordains thee to depart the *Lybian* State.

Thou know'st thou'rt destin'd to command
A martial Race, and rule the *Latian* Land!

Trojan, dare no more delay,

Awful Jove's Command obey,

Vengeance will pursue thy stay!

Monarchs, fam'd for Power and Pride,

Dare thee forth to mortal Fars:

The Gods for *Venus* Son provide

Empire, and a charming Bride;

The Purchase dear of cruel Wars!

[*Mercury* ascends]

Eneas. Lost and undone! Oh, cruel Jove!

'Tis Death thy dire Commands to hear!

How then, alas! will my unhappy Love

These Soul-distracting Tidings bear!

Oh, short-live'd Pleasure! deep Despair!

Take, ye Powers, your promis'd Glory,

Loss of Empire, I approve:

I wou'd Die, renown'd in Story,

For my spotless Faith in Love.

Dido. Ye bending Myrtles of the Grove,

Where do your envious Shades conceal my Love!

Softest Strains of Musick sounding,

Pierce each Covert of the Grove!

Ecchoes, from the Springs rebounding,

The DEATH of DIDO:

Ye warbling Choir!

His Soul inspire,

With your sweetest Harmony!

Guide my Lover,

Round him hover,

Summon all your Melody!

To my Arms my Dear returning

With an equal Passion burning!

*He comes!—Sheild me *Venus* from my Fears!*

Sorrow on his Brow appears!

He bends beneath the Weight of Care!

And seems the Statue of Despair!

Aeneas. Hermes, by the Doom of Jove,

This Moment warn'd me from my Love!

A MASQUE.

Charg'd me to *Latium* bend my Way!

Vengeance will pursue my stay!

I must, with broken Heart, the God obey!

Both. Oh, Doom severe! oh, killing Blow!

Dido. Take me, the Partner of your Woe,
Through Storms and Seas, where'er you go!

Æneas. Death to my Soul! oh, wretched State
That Blessing is deny'd by Fate!

Dido. Leave me then, my Fate bewailing,
Leave me ever void of Joy!

Losing thee, my Life is failing,

Leave me to Despair, and Dye!

The DEATH of DIDO :

Æneas. I, like thee, our Fate bewailing,

Shall be ever void of Joy :

Leaving thee, my Life is failing ;

Parting, I Despair and Dye !

[Exit Æneas]

*[Dido falls into the Arm
of her Attendants.]*

[Soft Musick.]

[Cupid comes down on one side of the Stage, Mercury on the other.]

Cupid. Hear me, mourning Princess, hear me,

Raise once more thy weeping Eyes ;

Venus sends her Son to cheer thee,

Nor to ease thy Pain denies :

Death, the Goddess Doom obeying,

Points his Arrow to thy Breast ;

A MASQUE.

I'll be near, thy Soul conveying

To the Groves where Lovers rest:

There thy happy Shade surviving,

Soon shall come the fated Hour,

When thy Love to Bliss arriving,

Ever shall thy Joys restore.

Dido. Oh pleasing Sounds! oh sweet Relief!

Kind Goddess, now my Pains remove!

Receive a Soul oppress'd with Grief,

The truest Sacrifice of Love!

Oh! I feel the friendly Blow!

And a willing Victim go,

To mingle with the Shades below.

[Dies

The DEATH of DIDO:

Mercury to Cupid.

Conduct her to the gloomy Shade,
By Fate for hapless Lovers made!
The Hero's Safety be my Care,
His Guide in Peace, his Guard in War!

Mercury and Cupid.

A sad Example of Despair

*Thou to future Times shalt prove :
Weeping, every tender Fair
Shall hear the Story of thy Love.
Grief shall wound 'em,
Fears surround 'em,*

A MASQUE.

22

While thy Fortune they bemoan!

Lest by Falshood, or by Fate,

Reduc'd to thy unhappy State,

They trust in Man, and be Undone.

F I N I S.



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